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## Young Jack Harkaway

FIGHTING THE PIRATES  
OF THE RED SEA.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG.



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The cavernous jaws opened wide. There was a hissing sound like a locomotive blowing off steam. Now Harry saw his chance. He was not slow in taking it. Extracting two dynamite shells from his coat pocket, he cast them one after the other into the snake's mouth.



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# Young Jack Harkaway Fighting the Pirates of the Red Sea.

By **BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,**

Author of "Young Jack Harkaway in Arabia," "Young Jack Harkaway in the Wilds of Siberia," "Young Jack Harkaway in Armenia," "Young Jack Harkaway Fighting the Slave Traders of the Soudan," "Young Jack Harkaway in Cuba," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

YOUNG JACK HARKAWAY'S FRIENDS BECOME ANXIOUS ABOUT HIM—A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE—HARRY GIRDWOOD MEETS HUNSTON.

HARRY GIRDWOOD, Young Jack Harkaway's old and particular chum, Mrs. Harkaway and Mole, the great professor, and Monday, the ex-prince of Limbi, were in the City of Mecca.

Young Jack had been missing for some days.

They were greatly concerned about him.

All their inquiries had failed to elicit any information respecting him.

When last seen Jack had been on his way to the holy kaaba in Mecca, which contains the coffin and the remains of the prophet Mahomet.

Harry had been there.

He had interviews with the chief priests.

They were named Feroze and Mordecai, but both denied having seen or heard of Harkaway.

Neither did they know the name of Hunston.

They were non-communicative.

What could have become of him? The more they thought of it the more perplexed they grew.

Harry Girdwood went to the consuls, and to the Sultan. In no direction could they learn anything.

Clara, Young Jack's wife, became quite sick, and fretted extremely.

Professor Mole and Monday made various suggestions about Young Jack's absence.

But they did nothing to find him.

"If the truth is known," remarked Mole, in the smoking room one evening after dinner, to Monday, Clara and Harry being up-stairs, "Young Jack has been cornered by Hunston."

"That's not at all unlikely, sah!" answered Monday. "It is the fate of all of us to get de push sometimes."

"What are we going to do about it?"

"Sit still and look on. Massa Jack know his business. He come out all right."

"That's what you say."

"I'se sure."

A messenger boy attached to the caravanserai came in, and holding up a letter, spoke.

"Harkaway's friend, Girdwood!" he exclaimed.

"That is me," replied Harry, who had come down to smoke a cigar!

"The letter is addressed that way."

"I'll take it."

He did so, and opening it, read:

"DEAR OLD HARRY:—I am in a most confounded fix.

"In the kaaba I met Hunston and Mordecai. They are both my enemies.

"No time to write much, but they tortured and imprisoned me. A slave got me out of the temple, and took me to the ship, Catamaran, Captain Koosh. They are all pirates.

"My life is in danger every day. I am a prisoner on the pirate ship.

"You will wonder how I send this letter.

"I had concealed my diamond ring. An Arab who waited on me

was going to Mecca. I bribed him with the ring to see that you had my letter. Take a ship and come after me. The pirates will kill me soon if I don't pay the sum they demand for ransom, and you know my obstinate disposition.

"Come to me. You, Mole, Monday and my dear wife, Clara. We are not far up the coast.

"Look out for the Catamaran, Captain Koosh, Pirate ship."

Harry read the letter aloud.

Mole and Monday were deeply impressed.

The mystery was solved now.

"Well," exclaimed Harry Girdwood, "we shall have to do as we are told. Jack is the leader, and we will have to follow him."

"The first thing to do is to charter a ship," remarked Mole.

"That's easy done, sah," replied Monday. "The man we go fishing with has one to hire."

"What is it called?" asked Harry.

"The Flying Fish."

"Good name. Push it along."

"We will."

"I say!" cried Harry, "will you two go and engage the ship—take her for a month. I am not particular to terms."

"We will do it at once," replied Mole. "I shan't pay what they ask, but make the best bargain I can."

"That is it!"

Monday and Mole went away to see after the ship, and Harry talked to Clara.

She was greatly concerned about her husband's capture by the pirates of the Red Sea.

They sent for the Arab who had brought the letter.

He was a man of thirty years of age, named Kardofan.

No one could deny his intelligence.

Harry questioned him.

The pirate ship, of which Jack spoke, was the Catamaran, full rigged and well manned.

She was not always engaged in piratical business.

Her mission at present was to go up the Red Sea a few miles to a place of small importance called the Pilgrim's Rest, and convey them to the coast near Mecca.

Although it was an insignificant town, it contained three large hotels.

Pilgrims came there waiting for a conveyance to Mecca, where they were to visit the shrine of Mahomet.

Transferring was a good business at times for Koosh and his blood-thirsty associates.

"Do you think we can catch up with the Catamaran?" asked Harry.

"Yes, sahib, no doubt about it," replied Kardofan. "We do that easy."

"Well, I will engage you in my service. You shall be my companion," said Harry, "and I will be your philosopher and friend."

"Me be the guide, massa. Show you de boat for suah."

"Go into the saloon. There are two dollars for you. Eat and drink—enjoy yourself. I know what you niggers are, but don't get drunk!"



"Drinkee for dry, massa," replied Kardofan. "Me nebbber drinkee for drunkee."

"I will believe you this time, but I haven't much confidence in you."

"Treat me all I'm worth."

Kardofan went away highly pleased with the present which had been given to him.

It was more than he expected.

A little money goes a long way in the East, where the natives live principally on rice.

"You intend to find my husband?" exclaimed Clara; "I shall be deeply indebted to you, Harry, if you will exert yourself and do your best."

"Do you think I would ever desert Jack?" cried Harry. "I love him too much. We have always been dear chums, and always shall be."

"You will save him?"

"Or perish in the attempt."

This was enough for Clara; it strengthened and encouraged her.

She knew that she could depend on Harry Girdwood to the last moment.

"We shall have a vessel of our own," continued Harry, "in a very short time. That will enable us to rescue Jack from the pirates of the Red Sea."

"I hope we shall be fortunate enough to do so."

"Rest assured of that."

"I will, for I know I can trust in you," replied Clara. "Jack never had a truer friend than you."

"I have always devoted myself to him, and if I have been of use to him on certain occasions and risked anything, I am sure he would have done the same thing for me a thousand times over."

"He has told me so again and again. You are true friends, I know."

"Call us Damon and Pythias, Pylades and Orestes. Jack and I will never desert one another."

The affection existing between these two was very pathetic.

Lunch was placed on the table.

Scarcely had Clara and Harry sat down, than Mole and Monday returned.

"Got such a golly ship, sah," exclaimed Monday, excitedly.

"The Flying Fish?" asked Girdwood.

"Yes, Massa Harry, that am him."

"Is she ready for sea?"

"She fit ter romp or jump right on."

"That is good enough! Find Kardofan. He is our guide to Pilgrim's Rest."

Mole took off his straw hat and fanned himself.

"This is a welcome change," said he. "I love the sea, and the excitement of following the pirates to rescue Jack will be a pleasant diversion."

"Nothing to compare with it," replied Harry.

In a few moments Kardofan came in smiling with pleasure and satisfaction.

He rubbed his stomach complacently.

"Very good feed they give here," he remarked. "Me a judge of lobscoth and sea pie."

"We will give you something better than that on board the Flying Fish."

"You got that ship, sah?"

"Yes, it is mine for a time!"

"The very best schooner on the Red Sea. She beat the Catamaran in sailing."

"I am glad to hear that," replied Harry.

Their preparations did not take long.

They reached the coast before sundown and embarked on board the newly hired vessel.

She had a full crew on board, and was fully equipped with stores.

These were calculated to last for several weeks.

Kardofan acted as pilot.

The saloon was commodious and well ventilated with punkahs to cool the air.

This was really a valuable consideration in such a sultry climate.

There the thermometer has no respect for foreigners, and the mercury especially laughs at Europeans.

When the sun went down and the moon rose amid the twinkling stars, a cool breeze sprang up.

It was indeed welcome, for the hot air, sand-laden like a sirocco, was difficult to breathe.

Supper had been served by obsequious natives. Clara was reclining in a hammock, fanned by wind from the port-holes.

Harry was smoking and thinking. Mole and Monday were seated at a table on which was a flask of wine, but alas! no ice!

This was a luxury not to be obtained in those latitudes.

"Here we are, sah! Pass de claret!" said Monday.

"Still on deck, boy. Bring out the poker dice, and I will see if I can make a full house," replied Mole.

The box was produced.

At that moment Kardofan entered.

There was a look of alarm on his countenance.

He approached Harry.

## CHAPTER II.

ON THE RED SEA—THE DEEP SEA SNAKE—A DEADLY FIGHT.

"HELLO!" cried Harry, sleepily; "what's up now? Have they sighted the pirates?"

"Not yet, sah. She well ahead," answered Kardofan. "It is something worse than that. Me tell you. The wind gone down. Sails flap against masts. In this bay where we are, there is a deep sea snake."

"A sea serpent?" remarked Harry.

"Yes, sir. One of the wonders of Arabia. He comes up and pulls ships down."

"Nonsense."

"It is a fact, sah."

"I won't believe it," Harry exclaimed, firmly.

"Jes' you like, sah. I speakin' de trufe," rejoined Kardofan. "Him got a head an' mouf like a 'pottomus, and a body, one—two hundred feet long."

"I'd like to see this monster. If he's good to eat we will have him for dinner."

"Yah! Yah!"

"What you laughing at?"

"De snake more likely to eat you."

"Will he?" asked Harry Girdwood, with a smile. "I am rather partial to eels. One rib of him, I suppose, would last a large family for a week."

"Feed a village for de month, massa."

"Have you seen him lately? My life is not insured; nor is the ship."

"He'll come up twice, jes' ter have a look round."

"What next?"

"De third time he hab the lot ob us. Draw us down. Swallow ship and all."

"Can't it be stopped?"

"White man may," replied Kardofan; "Arab not able to do anything."

"I will come on deck."

Harry Girdwood followed the pilot up.

Often had he heard of sea serpents and Norway krakens, but he did not believe in their existence, although there was no reason why in any sea a huge eel might not exist and come occasionally to the surface.

There was also the octopus, the polypus, the squid with its long arms and its inky discharge.

The sea serpent, however, was a different kind of submarine reptile altogether.

If what Kardofan stated was true, there was some terrible danger in store for them.

It was moonlight.

The ship was lying idly in a small bay, not very far from Pilgrim's Rest, where the pirate Koosh and his associates, with Young Jack Harkaway in their custody, were supposed to be hiding.

The crew were lounging about the deck; it was too warm to stay in the fore-castle.

Some were lying down, others were sitting on bits of matting and smoking cheroots.

The captain and mate were below.

Harry Girdwood and Kardofan were alone on the after deck.

They had two purposes in view.

The first was to look out for the sea serpent, and the second was to rescue Young Jack Harkaway from the pirates of the Red Sea.

Harry had been experimenting lately in the construction of dynamite shells.

He had invented some of small size, but great explosive power, which could be carried in the coat pocket.

If the deep sea snake made its appearance he determined to use some of these shells upon it.

But this resolve he kept from his companion.

The latter was very voluble.

"Once," he said, "a black serpent pull down a vessel and eat up thirteen men."

"That must have been a long time ago," Harry remarked, he being somewhat incredulous.

"Only last year. My brudder one ob de crew."

The moon was nearly full.

It hung like a ball of polished silver in the Heavens.

All at once the sea became agitated; it broke into foam and a dark object rose to the surface.

This soon became clearly defined as to its outline.

It was a snake with an ugly head, the eyes being large and the mouth capacious.

It had two projecting horns and a long mane.

This enabled it to progress through the water, which it lashed with its sinuous tail.

The sea serpent, for such it was, made straight for the Flying Fish.

Kardofan was greatly astonished.

His agitation was shared by Harry.

"Look, massa!" cried the Arab. "What dis chile tell you? There is the debbil!"

"I see him."

"He is coming straight for us. Allah be good! What shall we do?"

This was a question more easily put than answered.

The snake reared itself up, disclosing a double row of serrated teeth.



Kardofan crouched down in dismay, mingled with despair. It was truly a terrible situation to be placed in. Seizing the woodwork in its mouth, it tore a part of the ship's bulwarks to splinters. Its mane was erected, and its rage terrific to witness. "By the beard of the prophet, we are done for!" observed Kardofan.

Harry Girdwood thought not. He had a different opinion on the matter entirely. The snake now bent its hideous visage toward Harry. It really looked as if he was going to make one short, quick, sharp snap. This would bite Harry's head off. Or he might swallow him whole, as the whale in the Bible did Jonah.

The cavernous jaws opened wide. There was a hissing sound like a locomotive blowing off steam. Now Harry saw his chance. He was not slow in taking it. Extracting two dynamite shells from his coat pocket, he cast them one after the other into the snake's mouth. "Now, you quit," he said. The result was immediate and tremendous. In a moment the dynamite shells exploded, and the huge head of the sea serpent was blown to atoms. It may be imagined that, however big a snake is, he is of no use without a head. The long, thick body began to wriggle and twist, and turn and swirl in the sea. "Vellee good, sahib," cried the sailors. Roused by the explosion they were all on their feet. A spectacle of the decapitated sea serpent was extremely attractive to them. A portion of its lower jaw bone had been cast on the deck near Harry. He scrutinized it. The teeth in the monster's jaws were three inches long. Mr. Mole and Monday arrived on the scene just in time to see the snake sink to the bottom. "Golly, Mast' Harry!" exclaimed Monday; "you kill the jabberwock."

"It is St. George and the Dragon over again," remarked Mole, "although I always had my doubts respecting that legend or myth." He cleared his voice. This was a sure sign that he was going to deliver a short lecture. "Of course," he continued, "every country has its folk lore. St. Patrick chased snakes out of Ireland, so they say, but as a matter of dry natural history fact, snakes never existed there."

"Don't be an iconoclast, sir, and do away with all our traditions," said Harry. "Wait a bit," replied the professor; "let us go back to ancient Rome, glorious still in its ruins. The Rome of the Cæsars, the *via sacra*, the Coliseum of Horace, Virgil, Maccenas; not the Rome of to-day with its emasculated Corso, its—"

"Hark, back, sir," interrupted Harry. "Ah! yes. I was going to remark that Hercules performed a lot of extraordinary things. There was the clearing of the augean stable. That and other exploits started the Dragon and giant killing stories, but I will admit that you are a hero, because you have really slain this Ichthyosaurus beast."

"It was not an easy thing to do," said Harry, "but I happened to have some of my patent snake killers, and sent down his gullet a couple of dynamite scorchers, sir."

"They do not seem to have agreed with his digestion." The last portion of the snake now foundered. It went down like a shot or a stone. "That is the funeral," observed Harry. "I hope no member of the family will come to attend it." As a matter of course one snake cannot exist without another. As one had been blown up, it was not fair to suppose that no others were at the bottom of the sea. Their anxiety was relieved by the rising of the wind. The sails which had been lying idle, began to fill up, and the Flying Fish forged ahead. Night fell. When the morning came, Harry was early on deck. He was afraid of Arabs. They are proverbially treacherous. It was necessary to see what was going on all the time. Kardofan was by his side as soon as he appeared. He seldom let himself out of his sight for a moment. "How far are we from 'Pilgrim's Rest' now?" inquired Harry Girdwood. "About twenty-five miles," was the reply. "It is on the right hand side." They were steering near the land. Here and there was a glimpse of little villages, of the tall, graceful palm, and luxuriant vegetation. In the distance, over the expanse of water to the left, they saw long lines of black smoke. These came from steamers going to or coming from the Suez Canal. That short cut of De Lesseps' to the Mediterranean has made the Red Sea busy. All at once they noticed a schooner, drifting and tossing on the waves. Her sails were torn; there was no one at the helm.

All that could be seen were two men stretched out on the deck apparently dead. "What do you make out of that?" inquired Harry. "Dat's de pirates, sah. Koosh, Kassala and the Catamaran been here sure."

"Do they attack little ships like that?" "Sometimes small vessels carry more money than big ones. This one been carrying fruit. Plenty money in that kind of business." Harry reflected. He had asked a foolish question. As a matter of course the pirates would fly at small game. Of what benefit would it be to them to attack ocean going steamers like those of the Orient Line, or the splendid Peninsular and Oriental? The P. and O. boats could laugh at a pirate unless he came iron-clad.

Harry ordered a boat to be lowered. It was rowed by two men. Kardofan was with it. The sea being delightfully calm and restful, there was no difficulty in making the derelict. They climbed on board. Blood stained the deck in every direction. It splashed the masts; it was everywhere. One of the two men lived—let us say breathed, for it was not much more. He had a wound in his throat from a kreesse, which is a worse weapon to be struck with than a machete. "What has happened to you, my poor fellow?" inquired Harry, kindly. The man looked up with lack luster eyes. "We were seven men all told. This morning I am the only one left."

"Who did it?" "The pirates of the Red Sea. I had disposed of a cargo of fruit at Pilgrim's Rest. The money was paid and on board. I sailed to get some more merchandise."

"You were overhauled?" "That's it, sahib, exactly. By Allah, you have said it! Pearls of wisdom fall from your lips."

"You flatter me, and I don't care for that kind of thing. It may interest you, but it does not me, I can assure you; but if there is anything I can do to help you in your desperate situation, rely on me."

"Sahib," replied the skipper, in a melancholy tone, "you can do nothing to aid me; my race is run."

"Poor fellow! Do you know the pirates who robbed your ship and killed your crew, wounding you to death?" The man paused a moment. It seemed as if he could not collect his senses in a hurry. "Yes, yes!" he murmured. "It was Koosh."

"I have heard of him." "He is the curse of the Red Sea from Aden to Suez. Everyone will tell you that."

"You are not far wrong." "Am I a fool? Call me a liar!" "Not for an instant," replied Harry. "You have an ugly hole in your neck and you are bleeding too fast," said Harry. "That is true enough."

"I will tie you up, and you shall have your wished-for revenge on Koosh."

"Will you promise me that?" The wounded trader looked up eagerly, his pale face being full of subdued energy. Harry had a slight knowledge of surgery. He had been in an ambulance corps and knew how to give first aid to the wounded, which was something. Going below he procured a sheet from a berth and tore it into bandages. The wound was bound up, but the Arab was too far gone to recover. A slight stimulant revived him for a time. It was only a brief, fleeting space, however. His last hour had come. And he knew it. "The pirates," he murmured, "have a white man on board." "It must be Young Jack," said Harry. "I know not his name." "What about him?" "They are going to kill him if he does not give them a certain sum of money. I heard all about it."

"Will he do it?" "He is temporizing; he expects friends to come to his rescue shortly."

"That is I and my party."

"In addition to that," said the trader, "I heard that Koosh, the pirate, is becoming more daring than ever."

"What is he going to do now?" "The Benares, a large steamer, is coming to Pilgrim's Rest. He intends to be her destroyer, but he cannot do anything except by a subterfuge."

"A villainous trick."

"Precisely."

"When is she expected to arrive?" "To-night some time," replied the Arab. "The Benares is to be wrecked."

"Where?"



"A few miles up the coast, above the 'Rest,' false lights will decoy her."

"Bring her on the rocks?" asked Harry.

"Yes, she will become a perfect wreck; all on board will be drowned, and the pirates will do what they like with the cargo and treasure."

"A good scheme if they can push it along, but if I can see the Benares I will stop it."

The Arab was gradually but surely sinking.

Again Harry put a small flask to his lips and administered some brandy.

But it did him no good.

"He is dying fast," remarked Kardofan, looking at his glazed eyes.

"Yes," replied Harry; "he is going to the unknown land from which there is no return ticket."

"We all got to go there some day, sahib."

"That is a well-known fact, but we don't want to hurry about the last journey."

"Koosh is a bad man; so is his lieutenant, Kassala. Me like to make them both gasp."

"Their time will come."

"The sooner the better!"

It was not long before the unfortunate Arab expired.

Harry and Kardofan got into their boat and returned to the Flying Fish.

The trading vessel was a derelict on the broad bosom of the ocean. It was a proof of what injury one section of humanity can do to another.

Sad, sad! The millennium and the federation of the world is yet far off.

The wind fell, a mist arose, and the vessel was becalmed, the air being full of enervating moisture.

Lunch was served, but no one had any appetite. A biscuit and a glass of claret was enough.

Clara declared that she could exist on a rose leaf or a violet.

Mr. Mole was, as the French say, "between two wines," his thirst was always insatiable, and the heat of the Red Sea intensified it.

Monday was in high spirits.

He came from a hot climate, and the warmer it was the more he liked it.

"I think I will go on deck," said the professor; "the balmy breeze of ocean will revive me."

"You won't find any wind, sir," replied Harry; "all is fog and calm."

"I am under the weather."

He rose and stumbled, his wooden leg gave way, and he measured his length on the floor.

"Confound it," he exclaimed. "It is a funny thing you should tell me there is no wind."

"Indeed there is not a capful."

"The ship is rolling; if not, why did I fall down?"

"That is best known to yourself. The sea is like a mill pond."

"Don't tell me. I know better. Monday!"

"Yes, sah."

"You black thief, help me into my berth. I will lie down until the storm is over."

"Best stay where you are, sah. Berry comfortable as you are."

"Imp of Etna, ghoul of Vesuvius, forbear. If you insult me, I'll—I'll spifficate you."

"What that, Massa Mole?"

"Knock you into smithereens."

"Me take your wooden leg, sah, and baste the bear with it."

"Rather give me some ice to cool my head. These storms always affect me."

"Ice am a luxury in dese parts where it nebber freezes. Wrap a wet towel round um head."

"Do that and I will forgive you."

Monday lifted him up, sat the old man in a chair, and applied a wet towel to his cranium.

"Now um gentleman enjoy him dear self," he remarked. "Massa Mole always like himself. Yah! yah! Well, there's on'y one ob him—why shouldn't he do it?"

Clara and Harry began to talk about the prospect of finding Jack.

"This calm and fog is very annoying," said Clara. "How long will it last?"

"That is impossible to tell," answered Harry. "I have been told that in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean they last for days, even weeks."

"Not an encouraging prospect."

"No; it may be a long time before we reach Pilgrim's Rest."

"Poor Jack! What can we do for him?"

"He can buy himself off. The letter he sent proves that. Kassala betrayed him to Koosh."

"Then they have no grudge against him?"

"None whatever. It is simply a money making game on the part of Koosh and Kassala, though Hunston may turn up later on."

"It is wrong to wish anybody dead—but that man—how I hate him!"

"He is a bad egg, yet we have to regard him as a mono-maniac."

"You mean he is not quite right."

"Most decidedly. He is off his balance."

"I always thought so."

"There is no doubt of it."

Suddenly Kardofan entered the cabin, wearing a troubled expression.

"Anything wrong?" asked Harry.

"Yes, sahib, considerably so. The mist very thick. Can't see your hand before your face. Call your lady friend, and look out."

Clara had sunk to sleep again in a rocker.

In a moment Harry roused her.

"What is it?" she asked, with a weary air.

"Danger," he replied.

She was on her feet in a moment. So was Monday. So was Mole.

"I hear the beat of engines in the distance," continued Kardofan. His hearing was very acute.

Not the slightest sound ever escaped him.

"Is it a steamer approaching?" inquired Harry.

"Yes, sahib, and a big one, too."

This was a serious announcement.

In such a dense fog nothing could be seen. It was useless to hang up lamps.

There was danger of a collision between the huge steamer and the little schooner.

Where would the Flying Fish be in such an emergency?

That was the question.

All hearts began to beat high.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE COLLISION.

PROFESSOR MOLE was cooler than any one else.

He helped himself to a glass of wine and smiled blandly, blinking through his eye-glasses.

When we say cooler, we are alluding to the state of his mind, not of his body.

He was perspiring as freely as everyone else.

In fact, all people find time to do in the Red Sea is to indulge in unlimited perspiration.

Occasionally they find time to look at something to eat, take a drink—coffee or tea—the water is abominable, and snatch a little sleep.

"If some unknown steamer is about to run us down I am prepared," Mole exclaimed.

"For what, sir?" asked Harry.

"The inevitable conclusion. The impact. The destruction—the immersion."

"How are you going to do it?"

"I have a life belt."

"Where did you find it?"

"In the confined hole, they, on this dirty little schooner, call a stateroom. Pshaw! Cabin is not good enough for it. I have been in fore-castle berths superior to it, my boy."

"That is very likely," said Harry; "our schooner is only a make shift."

"I should call it a fraud."

"Call it what you like, and you won't call it out of its name, but I say, have you any more life belts left?"

"They are hanging up there by the half dozen."

"Go and get some, there's a good fellow."

Mr. Mole looked sternly at Girdwood.

"Harry," he cried, "when did your nigger die? Am I to be your servant?"

"No, sir."

"Are we not all equal here?"

"I hope so."

"Am I not a man and a brother?"

"I don't exactly understand the relationship existing between us."

Mr. Mole pointed to Monday.

"There is the distinguished nigger," he continued, "who ought to do your work; let him fetch life belts; I have got mine on."

"You thought you would be ahead of us."

"I am never left in the lurch."

Harry nodded to Monday.

The latter took the hint and went for the belts, returning with a full supply.

Each one took the precaution of using a belt in case of an accident. If the ship were to founder, they would not sink, but float on the sea.

That would give them a chance of being picked up.

It is well known that sailors have clung for hours to a spar or a hen coop.

Kardofan had gone on deck again.

Presently he came below.

"Ship coming nearer, sahib," he cried. "Hear the beat—beat of the engines closer than ebber before."

"Can't you do anything?" asked Harry.

"Me fire pistol shot, but it do no good at all."

"Hearing this, Harry ordered Clara, Mole and Monday to follow him to the deck.

They did so.

There was a white mist which made everything impenetrable at a few yards' distance.

That, however, did not obviate danger.

It rather increased the probability.

Clara clung to Harry's arm.

"God help us," she murmured. "Shall I ever see Jack again?"

"Yes, yes, of course you will," replied Harry, trying to comfort her.

This was rather a difficult feat to accomplish under the circumstances.

"Not in this world, I fear," she said, tearfully.



Without any warning a dark form burst upon them. The Arab sailors who had gathered forward were dreadfully alarmed. Some of them jumped into the sea. They were in that moment of peril fearfully afraid of the imminence of being run down.

Others threw themselves on the deck, resigning themselves to their fate.

This was done with the passivity of Orientals.

To them it was merely Kismet—fate—what will be must be—the inevitable, against which it was useless to struggle for a moment.

A large ocean steamer was crowding down upon them.

The sailing vessel was struck amidships.

She split in half.

Harry Girdwood, Mole, Monday and Clara were precipitated into the water.

With a loud cry Kardofan sank.

He had been struck by a splinter which broke one of his arms.

The unhappy man never rose again.

As quickly as possible the steamer stopped and lowered boats.

She was not injured, but the concussion was felt.

The captain knew that there had been an accident.

It was his duty to save all the lives he could.

Three sailors were rescued with Girdwood and the rest of his party.

They were taken on board half drowned and promptly attended to.

Harry went into the captain's cabin and gave his card.

"I am sorry this accident should have happened, Mr. Girdwood," said the captain, "but in such weather what can you expect?"

"How can I blame you?" replied Harry. "The fog is as thick as mud."

"My name is Nares. My ship the Benares of the P. & O. line. We will compensate you for your loss. Was yours a yacht?"

"No. A schooner."

"Are you in trade here?"

"It will be necessary, Mr. Nares, to tell you my story."

"I will listen to it with pleasure."

"If it is too long I must apologize and claim your kind attention."

"My time is at your disposal."

"Good!"

Harry told him what had happened to Young Jack Harkaway and himself in Arabia, and recent events in Mecca.

He also mentioned the name of Hunston.

But he kept the most important bit of news to the last.

This was the fact that Koosh and the pirates of the Red Sea intended to wreck the Benares.

False lights were to be used for plundering purposes.

What mattered the death of scores to these venomous pests of the ocean.

"Yours is a strange story," said Captain Nares, offering his unexpected visitor a cigar.

"Strange but true," replied Harry. "My friend, Harkaway, is a great traveler. We have explored nearly every part of the globe."

"Been to the North Pole?"

"No one has succeeded in getting there yet, and I don't see what would be gained by finding the desolate region of ice and perpetual snow."

"No chance of an open Polar Sea, eh?"

"Not the slightest."

"What then?"

"An utter blank, the abomination of desolation, as described by the prophet Isaiah."

"I'm not much on dead prophets," said Captain Nares, "nor on living ones either; but is there no northwest passage?"

"No; talk about the South Pole; no one seems to interest himself about that."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the first officer.

"The fog is thickening, sir," he said. "There is electricity in the air."

"Can't trust the compass?"

"Not to any great extent. We may run ashore at any moment."

"Have you looked at the chart?"

"Yes; we are near a place called Pilgrim's Rest."

"Instruct the first engineer to slow the engines to five knots an hour and keep the fog bell going."

"Very well, sir."

"Attend to this at once."

The first officer left the cabin.

Captain Nares and Harry Girdwood were left alone together again.

There was a serious expression on each of their faces.

"I have forgotten one thing of importance," the captain said.

"What is that?" asked Harry.

"I can telephone to the deck. Listen! On a coast like this it is necessary to take soundings."

"Of course. There are reefs?"

"Yes. The line must be thrown out all the time."

Captain Nares signified his intentions to his lieutenant, and was more satisfied.

He had taken every precaution he could.

If anything happened, people could not say that he was to blame in the matter.

"You are wise in guarding against accidents," remarked Harry.

"I should be a fool if I did not," was the rejoinder.

"Do you know my reason for making that observation?"

"How should I, Mr. Girdwood?"

"Koosh, the famous pirate of the Red Sea, has organized a plot to wreck the Benares."

Captain Nares started.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

This was intelligence that made him turn pale.

The Benares was a mail ship, classed A1 at Lloyd's, and she had over a hundred first-class passengers on board.

Her destination was the Straits settlements, but she stopped at various places on her way.

She was due at Aden in a short time, which is a coaling station at the mouth of the Red Sea.

Harry informed Captain Nares of what the trader on the derelict had told him.

It might have been a story hatched out of the inner consciousness of the Arab.

Yet it would not do to disregard it.

"False lights!" exclaimed the captain.

"Near Pilgrim's Rest," replied Harry.

"To lure us on the rocks—rob and plunder us."

"They know that you have in your hold fifty large cases, filled with silver bars, and ten boxes of gold."

"Thanks for the news."

"You will be prepared for them."

"What do you take me for? A wooden figure in a joss house?" asked the captain, laughing.

"Not exactly. You don't look like it."

"Now I have to tell you something," said Nares, "which will astonish you as much as you have surprised me."

"My eyes are open and my ears too."

"Young Jack Harkaway's enemy, Hunston, is a passenger on board this ship."

"Never!"

"It is a fact."

This was what is vulgarly called a staggerer for Harry Girdwood. Hunston was always turning up at unexpected intervals.

At the same time he knew that he could not hurt him.

The only thing that troubled him was this:

He would be taken a long way by the Benares.

How would he be able to help Jack, as requested in his recent letter?

That was the problem.

Every mile they went conveyed him further from Jack.

All at once the door of the cabin was darkened.

A tall, angular form appeared.

The sinister face of Hunston was revealed.

"Excuse me, captain," he exclaimed, "I hope I don't intrude. I came to inquire about the situation."

"It is serious," replied Nares, "but I do not think we need be alarmed."

"These Red Sea fogs are dangerous."

"Well, I know it to my sorrow. I lost a ship off this coast years ago."

"Are you taking proper precautions?"

"Well, if I don't know my business, who should? We are heaving the lead constantly."

"Pardon me. I am naturally anxious."

At this moment Hunston cast his eyes on Harry.

He trembled visibly.

"Mr. Girdwood," he exclaimed, "this is an unexpected pleasure, upon my word."

"You did not expect to see me."

"Indeed not. Where is your friend, Harkaway?" inquired Hunston.

"Where I do not suppose you will see him any more than I shall."

"How is that?"

"He was captured by pirates, and I am informed that he has been taken to a place on the coast near here, called the 'Pilgrim's Rest.'"

"Always in some queer adventure."

"That is his fate, but as you are his avowed enemy, it is singular that you take any interest in him."

"I don't," answered Hunston, rudely. "I want to get at him, but he always slips through my fingers."

"Yes. I guess he knows too much for you."

Harry laughed scornfully as he spoke.

"Do you imagine the pirates will kill him?"

"Not if he buys himself off. Money talks in this country as well as in others."

"We all want the circulating medium. May I ask how you came on board the Benares. This is the first time I have seen you."

Harry told Hunston that he was picked up after the collision, and that Clara, Mole and Monday were also saved.

"I was told," said Hunston, "that you and Harkaway had gone back to India."

"Is that why you are bound the same way?"

"Surely. I shall never leave off tracing Young Jack as long as I have breath in my body."

"That does not seem to do you much good."

"It is my sole purpose in life."

Suddenly there was a shock.

The big ship quivered from stem to stern.

There was the sound of a rush of water.

It was clear that the Benares had struck upon a rock.

They had got into shoal water and were nearer the coast than they had any idea of.



"Good God!" cried Captain Nares, "we have struck."

"It would appear so," replied Harry.

The captain hurriedly left the cabin and made his way on deck.

There was the greatest confusion among the passengers who were running to and fro like lost sheep.

A panic had sprung up amongst them.

Nares ascertained that the ship was leaking badly and taking in water.

It was several feet deep in the engine-room.

The fires were speedily extinguished.

It seemed as if the steamship Benares of the P. and O. was doomed to be a total wreck.

To add to the confusion and amazement which prevailed on board, the wind arose.

It lashed the sea into foam.

Thunder crashed and lightning flashed vividly.

The thick white mist was dissipated as if by magic.

Rain fell in torrents with tropical violence.

It was a terrible scene as the waves dashed over the magnificent but crippled liner.

Captain Nares endeavored to grapple with the difficulty by lowering the boats.

The first lifeboat was staved in against the ship's side as soon as it touched the water.

A second one floated, but when it was filled with passengers, principally women and children, it capsized.

All were drowned.

The shrieks and cries of the perishing were pitiful in the extreme.

They made strong men shudder.

As quickly as it came the storm swept away, and the heavy sea subsided.

The moon shone out again in the star-studded sky.

It was a night of horror.

By this time the Benares had sunk down on the reef, her state-rooms being filled with water.

Shifting lights could be seen in the distance, which showed that they were not far from the land.

This revealed an additional danger to Nares.

He fancied that the pirates spoken of by Girdwood were at hand.

They must be in the vicinity of the town called Pilgrim's Rest.

There was now an opportunity of effecting a landing, yet the danger was great.

The pirates, of course, would be hostile.

As for the Benares, she was a wreck and must be abandoned.

A salvage corps could be brought from Aden, but that would take time.

Half the passengers had been drowned when the life boats were swamped.

The other half could be landed in the remaining boats.

How would they be treated when they reached the shore?

Captain Nares and his officers, with praiseworthy pluck, resolved to remain on the ship.

If the pirates attacked them, they meant to fight to the best of their ability.

The boats were lowered and filled at daybreak, with sun shining, a soft wind blowing, and everything serene.

What a contrast the day made with the night.

It was surprising.

"I think," said Girdwood to Nares, "that you are risking your life."

"I know it," was the rejoinder.

"Why stay here?"

"I owe a duty to the owners. I am sending a man to Mecca to telegraph to our agent at Aden for speedy assistance."

"It will be a long time coming."

"Not so long as you think," replied Nares. "I have every hope of being relieved shortly."

"Good-bye and good luck!"

"Thank you, I wish you the same."

They shook hands.

Harry, with his party, got into one of the boats. They were rowed towards the shore.

The captain, his officers and part of the crew remained on the ship. Hunston was one of the departing passengers.

Mr. Mole had not seen or heard anything of the storm, and knew nothing of the wreck until the water roused him in his berth.

He had gone to sleep with his clothes on.

It did not take him more than two minutes to scramble on deck.

All those who were saved were very much dejected, with the exception of Harry and Clara.

They hoped that after all the vicissitudes they had gone through, they would meet Jack.

The chance had seemed very remote.

He stood greatly in need of their help.

They had not gone far before they perceived three boats leaving the shore.

These were filled with fierce, bearded men.

A consultation was held between those in the two boats of the Benares.

It was determined to press on.

Anything they had to encounter could not be worse than returning to the steamer.

The boats met one another.

From the appearance of the bearded men, they were taken for a perate characters.

In reality they were the pirates of the Red Sea.

Koosh headed them and he was assisted by Kassala.

The pirates made no attempt to molest the shipwrecked.

They rowed on to the Benares with a steady sweep.

"I never saw a more ruffianly set of brutes in all my life," observed Mole.

"Pretty tough crowd," replied Monday; "they cut a throat as soon as look."

"However, they leave us alone."

"What of the ship, sah?"

"By the great Jove, they will make short work of those on board!"

"That's so; more's the pity."

Before the shore was reached the sound of firing was heard.

The pirates had attacked the Benares.

They swarmed up her side like bees, though many of them were shot down and fell into the sea.

What happened afterwards could only be imagined.

The dismal fact was not revealed for some time afterwards.

Then it was ascertained that Captain Nares, his officers and crew were shot down or cut to pieces.

They made a desperate resistance.

Every man fought gallantly.

Koosh eventually was the victor.

The treasure and everything of value became the property of the visitors.

They had made a bold bid for the victory and won it.

The rich booty was theirs.

"Devils!" said Clara, with her teeth clenched tightly.

"For of such is the region of—a place that shall be nameless," replied Harry.

In a short time the shore was reached.

All disembarked.

They had lost their all.

Nothing was saved except the clothes they stood upright in.

They had no shelter, no guide, no food, no water.

Imagine the distressing situation.

Fortunately they found a palm grove; nuts were plentiful.

There were also some date trees and a spring.

"This is better than nothing," said Clara.

"Yes," replied Harry, "you can exist here."

"And you—where are you going?"

"Exploring. I want to find Jack."

"Good boy. I hope you will succeed. Give him my love," Clara added.

"You can depend on that."

Monday had been listening.

"Me go with you, sah?" he asked.

"If you like."

"Me stand the racket."

"Good enough! Come along!" answered Harry.

They started together, fully armed, to find out Pilgrim's Rest.

No time had to be lost.

Jack was in peril, and his friends could not remain quiet while he was missing.

But where was he?

That was what they had to discover.

Hunston, however, was watching them, although they knew it not.

#### CHAPTER IV.

YOUNG JACK ESCAPES ONE DANGER ONLY TO FALL INTO ANOTHER.

FINDING that Harry Girdwood made no response to his letter and did not come to his rescue, Young Jack resolved to make terms with Koosh and Kassala.

He would pay his ransom.

Liberty and freedom of action was what he wanted.

He was tired of being kept a prisoner on board the pirate craft, Catamaran, lying off the little town of Pilgrim's Rest.

Not for a moment did he blame Harry for lukewarmness.

His letter might have miscarried, or Harry had not been able to find him.

The situation was galling, and the suspense intense.

A day before the pirates made the attack upon the Orient Line steamer, Koosh sought an interview with his captive.

About a quarter of a mile from the low lying, palm clad shore, the Catamaran was anchored.

Everything looked calm and peaceful.

There were not more than a dozen houses in the town.

These were supplemented by a quantity of huts.

A straggling building, dignified with the name of the Calabar Hotel, stood near the shore.

It was kept by a Frenchman, named Pierre Leronge, who came from Marseilles.

In him was a mixture of French and Italian blood.

He had been a desperado in his time, having to fly from his country.

As a criminal he had an extensive record.

Where he had settled down, being a deserter from a ship, the inhabitants were afraid of him.

Pierre Leronge was a noted man and a character not to be despised.

In addition to his caravanserai he had a large general store.

Natives from the interior did a large trade with him, and at least twice a month ships called and brought him supplies from Suez.



Jack had a note-book and a pencil. When Koosh came in to his cabin he was writing. Behind the pirate chief was Kassala.

These two always worked together.

"What is it to be?" asked the pirate; "life or death. You find that your case is hopeless."

"How much do you want for my release?" Young Jack inquired.

The pirate mentioned a sum in an Arabic currency which amounted to one hundred thousand dollars.

This to Jack was only a flea bite.

He could give a check for the amount and not miss it at all.

His credit at a bank in Mecca was good for ten times the amount.

The pirates knew that.

He had only to put his signature to a piece of printed paper, and the money required would be paid on sight to bearer.

These were the instructions he gave with his letters of credit.

Identification was unnecessary.

He had made these arrangements because he fancied that he might want money when many miles away.

"I will give you half," he said.

"No," replied Koosh, firmly; "I cannot take less."

"That or nothing!"

"By the beard of the prophet, that is my ultimatum!"

"All right; it is a deal."

Koosh and Kassala smiled.

They had triumphed.

Providing him with pen and ink, he was compelled to sign a draft for the sum mentioned.

Both of them, who were well known in Mecca, witnessed it, and Kassala undertook to go to the city and get it cashed.

Koosh had other work to attend to.

The foremost with him was the wreck of the mail steamship.

What became of Harkaway he did not care.

A boat was lowered from the Catamaran, and Jack was rowed to the shore.

Glad indeed he was when he landed at Pilgrim's Rest.

It was not the traveling season, and there were no people about except the residents.

The Hotel Calabar was empty.

Pierre Leronge, the landlord, was on the veranda, and received him cordially.

"Welcome, Effendi!" he exclaimed; "do you come from afar? Are you for Mecca, or do you stay long? A caravan starts to-morrow. Are you a merchant or simply a traveler? No matter. I will make you comfortable for a day or a month. *Oui*, by gar!"

"I am a traveler," replied Jack, "and require accommodation at your hostelry for a time."

"Ver good. My charges reasonable. These Arabs who are orthodox Mahometans, do not drink, but I have a cellar of wine and spirits for Europeans."

"Give me a bottle of champagne and fricassee a chicken!" exclaimed Jack. "Show me your dining-room and let me have some cigars."

"You shall have everything, Milor, except the daily paper, which is a thing we do not indulge in here."

"You may arrive at that some day when you have railroads, tram cars and the electric light."

"Ah, sapristi, we have flying machines before those things come here."

Jack was ushered into a large room, facing the sea, and was provided with what he required.

"How is trade? Sit down and join me," said he.

"With much pleasure; trade is bad. *Sacre*, the plague is about."

"That keeps the pilgrims away."

"Certain. Ah! they are a bad lot to entertain. I do not like them at all, but"—he shrugged his shoulders—"I am here, and what am I to do!"

"Do the Arabs trouble you?"

"Not at all," answered Leronge. "They are peaceable, so are the pilgrims. When they come, little money I get out of them. Poor—live on rice and lobscoth, which is a kind of Bouilabaise, which we have at Marseilles. Those I am afraid of are the pirates, but you know them."

He looked at Jack suspiciously.

The "Catamaran" was well known to him.

He had seen Young Jack landed from it.

"My acquaintance with them has been an expensive one," replied Jack.

"Ah! Do you not belong to them?"

"Far from it."

"*Mon ami*, will you tell me your story?"

"With pleasure," said Jack.

He related all that had happened to him, and Leronge sympathized with him.

"Monsieur," he exclaimed, earnestly, "you have had a bitter experience and a narrow escape. These *sacre* pirates of the Red Sea are capable of any villainy. I should like to have you as a guest for weeks—months—years, but though it will be my loss, I advise you strongly to get away."

"I do not know where to go."

"Have you friends in Mecca?"

"Yes, but they are possibly on the sea searching for me."

"You are puzzled."

"Dreadfully so. I cannot make up my mind how to act."

"The pirates will get your money and capture you again to obtain more if you stay here."

"Will you help me?"

"*Mon Dieu*, what can I do? They burn my house to the ground."

"The pirates are not numerous. Cannot we hire some Arabs to fight and form a garrison?"

Pierre Leronge considered.

"Yes," he said, at length, "that could be done."

"I will pay you well for it."

In an inside pocket of his coat Jack had a quantity of money.

The pirates had not robbed him because they had no idea that he had any money about him.

He put the whole of it in the hands of Leronge.

"That is for you," he observed.

"Ver good," replied the Frenchman, fully satisfied. "I will hire twenty Arabs; they shall bring their rifles with them. I have plenty of cartridges."

"Then we shall be safe."

"Maybe killed, but *ma foi*, got to die some day."

"That is so."

"Still, *Sainte Marie*, we do not want to go to the next world too soon."

The engagement of the Arabs was arranged.

Leronge went away to see about it.

At that moment Jack, who was looking out of the window, saw two traveled-stained travelers approaching the Hotel Calabar.

He uttered a cry of delight.

They were Harry Girdwood and Monday.

Here was a glad surprise.

Harry ran forward over the sand, and cried: "Hello, Jack, old sport! How are you?"

"First-rate. Welcome!" was the reply.

"Are you free?"

"Yes, but it has cost me a pretty penny. Did not you get my letter?"

"Certainly."

"Why did you not come before?"

"I could not."

"You would have saved me some expense."

"Circumstances over which I had no control prevented me," replied Harry.

"If I keep on getting captured, and paying ransom, I shall be ruined in time."

"It will be a long while first, you old miser. Aren't you rich enough?"

"Can't grumble," said Young Jack.

"If you get plugged by a bullet or have your throat cut what good will your bullion do you?"

"That's a problem. I might exist in the future on the memory of it!"

"Massa Jack!" exclaimed Monday, coming up breathless and panting. "How you was to-morrow?"

"To-day you mean."

"All de same, sah."

"How is my wife?" inquired Jack, anxiously.

"She berry well; so Massa Mole, considering all that has happen us."

"Come right inside. Eat, drink and make merry——"

"Don't finish the biblical quotation—you know what it is," said Harry.

"For to-morrow we die," supplemented Jack; "don't be a death's head at the banquet. I did not mean to suggest that, although in this country we never know from one day to the other what is going to occur."

Harry and Monday joined him, sitting down and partaking of some refreshment.

There was a splendid view of the sea, and here and there were the waving palms.

"Not a bad crib, this," said Harry, drinking a glass of wine and eating some cold chicken.

"Berry good tack," remarked Monday, filling his capacious mouth.

"When you ravenous beings have finished eating," answered Jack, "perhaps you will have the kindness to relate your adventures."

"We have had an odyssey," exclaimed Harry; "Ulysses could scarcely beat it, ncr Jason, when he went in search of the Golden Fleece."

"That is interesting; let me hear your story."

In a few words Harry Girdwood related his experiences, winding up with the terrible scene on board the P. & O. steamship.

Jack seemed to hear the savage whoops of the pirates, and to see the brave men fighting for life on board the unfortunate vessel.

"By Jove! You have had a lucky get out," replied Jack; "but why did you not bring Clara and old Mole on with you?"

"We started out to explore."

"That's so, sah. How we know where we comin' to? Had to leab Missy Clara and ole Mole with the rest of the saved."

"Have you got a camp?"

"Not up to much, sah. The people from the ship stop dar 'cos they don't know where to go. All starve soon."

"But my wife and Mole must be brought on here."

"Me go and get 'em," said Monday. "It won't let the others know where we are coming. There would be a rush and they eat the place up."

"That is all very well, but as Christians we can't allow them to starve."



Monday said nothing.

"The passengers will be surrounded by Arabs soon," exclaimed Harry.

"What then?"

"They will rob them of all they possess, which is not much. Some money—some jewelry—and then they will somehow come on here."

"Do you think so?"

"There is another way to look at it—Koosh and his pirates may kill the lot."

"If a holocaust like that is threatened," said Jack, "the spot in a very short time will become a golgotha, or place of skulls. I must go with you, Monday."

"No pressure, sah."

"Yes, yes; she needs me and wants my help."

"You trust me," answered Monday. "I always do my duty by you, sah. Me bring Missy Clara to you mighty quick, and tote de old man Mole along too, wooden leg and all."

"It wouldn't be well for you if he heard you talk."

"Who care for him?"

"Well, cut along," replied Jack. "Hurry up! I have never found you fail me yet, Monday, and we have known one another for some time."

"Always the same old reliable."

"I am depending on you for something I hold dearer than my life."

"Dat all right, sah!" said Monday, putting on his hat and walking off with the air of a cotton planter.

He had gone to bring back Clara and Mole.

Would he succeed?

Who could tell?

It all depended upon his getting back to the palm grove before the pirates could do any bloodthirsty work.

He knew well of what they were capable.

Koosh and Kassala would stick at nothing.

Leaving Young Jack and Harry Girdwood together, the faithful Monday started on his errand.

Though getting older, and falling into the sere and yellow leaf—shall we say blacker—he had plenty of energy left in him.

The distance he had to go was not very trying, being only a few miles.

When he got near the camp he heard the sound of firing.

This was followed by shrieks and groans.

Right in front of him was the palm grove where those who had survived the wreck had located themselves.

On the left was the sea.

The remains of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessel were visible above the rock on which she had stranded.

But there was not a sign of life on her.

Yes—we make a slight mistake.

The captain, Mr. Nares, had a favorite collie dog.

This animal could be seen on the deck.

A faint bark could be heard at intervals as the wind blew towards the shore.

The dog was alone.

It is well known that a dog is a man's friend, and hates a solitary existence.

As a matter of fact, animals like human beings, are gregarious.

Sometimes you may find a rogue elephant or a solitary buffalo living alone.

Why?

Simply because through their viciousness they have been driven from the herd.

Monday hid behind a clump of bushes.

He was afraid.

Something terrible was going on.

What it was he did not know and could only conjecture.

Scarcely had he hidden himself than two people came right into his shelter.

They were, to his utter astonishment, Mrs. Harkaway and Mr. Mole.

Their countenances were indicative of great fright and alarm.

Clara came in first and crouched down like a startled fawn.

Mole stumped in a few moments later on his wooden appendage.

"Oh! Monday, my dear, good fellow!" said Clara, in a low voice.

"What de matter, missy?" asked Monday.

"The pirates are massacring all the passengers who escaped the wreck!"

"How did you get away?"

"Entirely through Mr. Mole's sagacity. He saw Koosh and his bloodthirsty tigers approaching. With commendable alacrity he advised me to fly with him. We did so, little thinking that we should come in contact with you in the cane brake."

"I've pretty near eberywhere when there's anything goin' on, missy," replied Monday.

"Have you seen anything of Jack?" asked Clara.

"Yes, ma'am, he up side ob de country, lilly way, at hotel called 'Calabar,' at Pilgrim's Rest. Harry with him, and eberyting comfortable. He got release from pirates by paying out money."

"That is good."

"You glad to hear that?"

"Yes, my good old friend. I have been worried nearly to death about him."

"He was awful mad to come along and find you, but I tell him I do the biz."

"It is very kind of you, Monday, and I appreciate the situation."

"Lie low, ma'am, don't move; don't say a word above a whisper."

"Why not?"

"The pirates find us."

"Do you think they will attack Jack again?"

"Certain, sure, if they get half a chance."

"I will help fight them."

"No occasion for that, ma'am; he engage Arabs to defend the hotel. We got a garrison."

Mr. Mole lifted his hand.

"I shall be there, too," he said, "and that is what will knock the persimmons!"

"Go 'long," replied Monday. "You rebber see a persimmon in your life!"

"What a pity."

"Whar you been?"

"In Virginia, Alabama and the Carolinas, you silly coon!"

"Gimme a rest, sah!"

"What do you know, boy? Keep your place. Respect your superiors."

"Dis chile nebber found any yet!"

"You've a high opinion of yourself."

"Got a right to hab! Me, one time, Prince of Limbi, sah!"

"Imp of darkness now and a castaway in Arabia! That is what you are!"

"You mean that?"

"Take it straight."

It seemed as if there was going to be a fall out between Mole and Monday.

They had forgotten their threatening surroundings.

At this moment some shots whistled over their heads.

Both were silent.

They crouched down in the thick brush and high growing grass.

It was not a novel experience.

At the same time it was very trying.

"Not a word," said Mole, under his breath.

"Not a move," whispered Monday.

Clara was lying like a log under an acacia tree.

She scarcely dared to breathe.

Koosh and Kassala, with their attendant pirates, were indulging in a wholesale massacre of the passengers.

After robbing them they killed them.

Shot down like rabbits they were.

In a little while the shots and cries ceased. Not a sound was to be heard.

It was the eternal silence of the tomb.

Monday climbed up a tree.

He was good at that.

Old as he was, he could shin up a palm as well as a youngster.

What did he see?

To begin with, a heap of dead bodies scattered about in every direction.

Secondly, the wreck of the P. & O. steamer, set on fire.

It was burning to the water's edge.

Thirdly, the cowardly, dastardly pirates going in two boats to the Catamaran.

They had done their foul and deadly work.

Their next move was a mystery.

It was not likely that they would leave the neighborhood for some time.

The draft on the bank at Mecca, given by Young Jack, had to be cashed.

It would take the messenger some while to go there and back.

There was danger at every turn for Jack.

Monday descended from the tree.

"It am all ober," he said; "the pirates kill everybody, then they go to their ship. Now we skip jes' soon as you are ready."

"Good boy," replied Mole. "We're on the job; lead the way."

"You tired, sah, ob shipwreck and pirates?"

"I've had a genteel sufficiency. Young Jack leads us into something. I wonder what the next fake will be."

Monday looked out of the cane brake.

The line of country was clear.

They felt a great sense of relief because they were safe, but it was melancholy to contemplate the sacrifice of life.

Those poor wretches who had escaped from the wreck of the ship, and thought they might be happy and ultimately reach their destination, had been robbed and killed by the pirates.

Out of the whole crowd only Mole and Clara had escaped.

It was too sad to contemplate.

The pirates had gained their ship.

Sail was set and she proceeded along the coast.

What her destination was no one could tell.

That remained to be discovered.

Feeling that the danger was over, Monday suggested a move, and the three walked on.

After all the excitement and worry it was a weary tramp to Pilgrim's Rest.

Very glad indeed were they to reach the Hotel Calabar.

Clara was faint and exhausted.

Her feet were sore and blistered; her face was burnt by the sun as were her hands.

She fairly tottered as Jack, seeing her from the window, advanced to meet her and caught her in his arms.



Tenderly he carried her into a private room which Leronge dignified with the name of the ladies' parlor.

He placed her on a couch, gave her wine and sweetmeats and indulged in sweet converse.

They had been separated for some time, and at one time it seemed as if they were fated never to meet again.

There were a quantity of sea birds flitting about the shore.

Being of a restless disposition and fond of killing something—we may say anything, from a rhinoceros to a gull—Harry had gone out with his revolver.

Mole and Monday sat down on a divan in the dining-room and slaked their thirst.

"This is O. K., sah," said Monday. "Now we's enjoyin' de benefits ob de higher civilization."

"And I am putting up for the champagne," replied Mole. "You're a mean cuss, Monday."

"What for?"

"You never pay for anything. I call you a confounded white haired old sponge!"

"What's de use ob paying when I travel with a capitalist like you?"

"You've got money, you black thief! It's your principal I complain of!"

"If you call me out of my name, Massa Mole, again, dis chile fire um glass at you!"

"I dare you to do it!"

Mole glared at him.

Unabashed at his threatening demeanor, Monday hurled his glass at the professor's head.

With the utmost celerity Mole ducked.

The glass flew across the room and struck a man who had just entered.

It made a cut on his right cheek, and the blood began to flow slightly.

"Hello!" he cried, "two can play at that game! If you want a row, directly you see me you can have it!"

They looked at the intruder.

It was Hunston.

"You here?" exclaimed Mole.

"I guess I have as much right in the hotel as you. It's open to the public of all nations."

"We can do without your company."

"I have no wish to interfere with you. All I ask is to be let alone."

"Keep yourself to yourself!"

"Did I attack you?" asked Hunston.

"No; certainly not."

"Why, then, did you show hostility by throwing a glass at me directly I made my appearance?"

"We are a family party, and you are no friend of the family," replied Mole. "Yet what you speak about was an accident entirely."

"How is that?"

"Monday and I were having a few words."

"As per usual."

"That is no particular business of yours that I know of."

"Well, go on. I'll listen, though I know you to be a lying old bum."

"Thank you. I take your insults as compliments. What I was about to remark is this. Monday threw the glass at me. He missed. You entered and received the benefit of the doubt."

"Look here, Mole; you and I know one another. I don't believe a word of your story."

"Why not?"

"It was a deliberate attack on me. If you want to quarrel I am good and ready."

Monday rose.

His black blood was up to the boiling point.

"What for you want to interfere with us?" he demanded. "Wherever we go you follow. That am not right."

"I go where I please."

"You shall not."

"Do you think I am obliged to ask a black swab like you!" cried Hunston.

"Keep out of our way."

"Never until my revenge is gratified."

"Dis chile give it you in the neck."

Saying this, Monday drew a long dangerous-looking knife and brandished it.

The weapon flashed in the fierce sun-light.

"Clear out of here," he yelled. "You don't stay in this hotel long, sah."

"Do you run it?" asked Hunston with a sneer.

"I'll stab you sure."

"Will you?"

Hunston produced his revolver.

"Take care of yourself," he said. "I've got you covered; back or you are a dead man."

Mole came to the rescue.

He too flourished a revolver, which he presented at Hunston's head.

"No, you don't!" he cried. "I'm an old man, but I can hit a mark."

Hunston hesitated.

"What you do to him, I will do to you," continued Mole.

"Shoot if you dare."

The odds were against Hunston.

If he killed Monday, it was certain that Mole would perforate him.

It was ignominious to retreat.

Yet he had to do so.

"I go," he said, "but by Heaven, I will have your man Harkaway!"

At this juncture Young Jack appeared.

Clara had fallen asleep, and he had come out to see what was going on.

"Who is talking about me?" he demanded.

Hunston was now between two fires.

"Ha!" Jack went on, "you have turned up like a bad penny. Have you any business with me?"

"The same as before," was he calm, indifferent reply.

"Don't you think it will be best for you to keep away from me altogether?"

"I shall please myself about that."

"You ought to be tarred and feathered, finally skinned, have your flesh removed, and walk about in your bones."

"Perhaps you think that very funny?"

"Not at all. It would be grim and real."

Hunston carelessly lighted a cigar.

At the same time he kept a firm hold on his revolver.

"What do you think of the weather?" he asked.

"You will find it hot, if you don't get away from here."

"Not so sultry as the place I intend to send you to some of these days."

"Don't talk like a fool, man. Are you crazy?"

"Say, it runs in the family."

"I have no doubt of it."

With a sudden movement Jack snatched the revolver from his hand.

"What are you doing?" asked Hunston.

"Rendering you defenseless."

"Coward!"

"Go away; we don't want any bloodshed here," answered Jack.

"If you stay you may get hurt."

Hunston gnashed his teeth.

He moved towards the door.

"You shall hear from me again," he said, "and it will not be long, either."

With these words he strode away.

They watched him go down to the beach.

A sailing ship had just anchored in the bay.

She hoisted a flag, on which was written in large letters, black on white—"Catamaran."

It was the pirate ship.

Hunston waved his hand.

This was a signal.

In some mysterious way he was connected with the piratical crew.

A boat was instantly lowered.

It was rowed rapidly towards the shore.

When it arrived on the beach he stepped in, sat down in the stern sheets and shook hands with the coxswain.

This was Kassala.

The boat was immediately rowed back to the Catamaran.

Hunston went on board.

His movements had been closely watched by Jack, Mole and Monday.

"This means mischief," remarked Jack, "for it shows distinctly that the rascal is hand and glove with the pirate band."

"Without question," replied Mole.

"It was a pity, Mast' Jack, you did not give him de lead," said Monday.

"It would only have brought trouble on us. These Arabs have a sheriff, a staff of police, and a prison. Crime is punished here as well as elsewhere."

"You right, sah; didn't think ob dat!"

Jack began to think deeply.

Leronge, the landlord of the Calabar, had promised to organize a defensive force.

In fact, he was engaged on that business now.

The situation was serious in the extreme.

He had missed the caravan, which had started for Mecca that morning.

There was nothing to keep him at Pilgrim's Rest.

It was an abominable sandy, flat, stifling malarial spot, which had nothing to recommend it.

One thing he had ascertained.

A steamer from Aden to Suez would arrive in three days' time.

They could embark on that and get to Egypt.

But during the interval what might not happen?

Hunston and Koosh made a formidable combination with Kassala thrown in.

Suppose they attacked the caravanserai?

This would complicate matters considerably.

There would be heavy fighting on both sides.

Which would come out victorious was problematical.

While Jack was deliberating, Harry Girdwood came in with Pierre Leronge.

Harry had shot several birds, but they were not good to eat, as they lived upon fish.



He had met Leronge on his way back.  
 "I see the pirate ship is in the bay," exclaimed Leronge, "and her appearance justifies your apprehensions."  
 "My enemy is on board," replied Jack.  
 "Have you seen him?"  
 "Yes; and he threatened me."  
 "The Catamaran has run up the black flag."  
 "What does that mean?"  
 "Just this. Take care of yourselves. Look out!" answered the Frenchman.  
 "Have you hired the Arabs?"  
 "Twenty good men and true will be here to defend the hotel in an hour's time."  
 "Can you barricade the doors and windows?"  
 "That is impossible; the house is so large. I have nothing but wooden shutters."  
 "What will you do?"  
 "When you get the Arabs," said Leronge, "and Koosh lands with the pirates, you must lead them."  
 "Then the battle must take place on the beach."  
 "That is it exactly, monsieur."  
 Jack saw what the Frenchmen meant.  
 He didn't want his hotel burned, nor did he intend to risk his life.  
 He had engaged some wild predatory Arabs for the fight and intended to do no more.  
 If he offended Koosh he might be afflicted with a terrible vengeance.  
 In his heart he devoutly wished that Harkaway had never come near him.  
 Still he hoped the pirates would be beaten, and then he would get the money promised him.  
 Koosh was nothing to his house.  
 When he and his wild followers came to the Calabar they ate and drank of the best.  
 For their accommodation and carousals they paid nothing.  
 It was to his interest to see them exterminated as soon as possible.  
 Therefore he supported Young Jack to the best of his ability and as far as he dared.  
 Dinner was served. It consisted of soup, fish, mutton cutlets, roast and boiled fowl, eggs, several kinds of vegetables and a salad.  
 Butter and cheese there was none. The climate was too warm for such things.  
 Every Frenchman is a born cook.  
 Therefore it need not be said that the dinner was well served in every respect.  
 The usual "naperie," however, was absent. There was no tablecloth, and serviettes were conspicuous by their absence.  
 You cannot expect everything in Arabia.  
 Pilgrims to the shrine take nothing in the way of baggage with them.  
 They start in one suit of clothes, one set of under linen, and return home in the same.  
 Many weeks they are worn, and washing is not thought of.  
 The Moslem pilgrims are very religious, but at the same time the voracious historian must admit that they are extremely dirty.  
 A Hadji, after a journey to the holy shrine of the Prophet Mahomet, ought to live in a Turkish bath for at least forty-eight hours.  
 This duty he owes, not only to his wife and family, if he has one, but to society at large.  
 The pilgrim ought to adopt as his crest a flea rampant—or any other creeping thing—and have for his motto the Latin word "*Oleo*."  
 This being interpreted gently implies "I am malodorous."  
 When dinner was ended, Jack conducted Clara back to her room.  
 "If you hear anything do not be alarmed, darling," he said.  
 "Do you expect any fighting?" she asked.  
 "I reckon we shall be attacked by the pirates."  
 "But you have paid them."  
 "If not I should not be a free man here."  
 "What have you to dread?"  
 "Hunston is with them; they have hoisted the black flag, and we have everything to be afraid of."  
 "Having tasted blood, they want more."  
 "That is so; appetite grows by what it feeds on."  
 Clara wrung her hands passionately.  
 "Cannot we get away from here?" she asked.  
 "Not for three days, when the steamer for Suez calls here."  
 "Do get home; cease these wanderings; the incessant worry is killing me—it may be fun for you. I can no longer participate in it."  
 "Be patient."  
 "Think of it, Jack. I am a woman."  
 "You're a brick. You have got all the grit of the new woman in you, still you have had enough of roughing it. What we are going through is not like riding a bicycle in bloomer costume. You shall have your wish as soon as possible."  
 "Fix a date."  
 "Haven't I said three days from hence when the homeward bound steamer calls?"  
 "In the meantime——"  
 "Fight. Kiss me, love. I trust in Providence and the justice of my cause."  
 Their lips met.  
 They shook hands, and Jack returned to his companions.  
 He had uphill work to perform.  
 But as usual he did not flinch.

CHAPTER V.

THE ATTACK ON THE CALABAR.

WHEN Young Jack returned to the large room he found twenty fine-looking, well-built Arabs awaiting his arrival.  
 Mole, Monday and Harry Girdwood were still seated together.  
 Pierre Leronge was standing in front of the Arabs, who were drawn up in two rows.  
 They had curved swords like scimeters and seven chambered revolvers.  
 "Salute!" cried Leronge.  
 The men did so.  
 "Do they know their drill?" asked Jack.  
 "Out, Monsieur. They went to Suakim to fight for the English against the Mahdi and the Hadendowahs."  
 Jack's knowledge of Arabic was pretty good.  
 There was scarcely any language of which he did not have a smattering.  
 He took a bag of gold from his knapsack and gave each man three pieces.  
 "You shall have more, my men," he said, "every day, if you fight well against the pirates. In one encounter you may defeat them. If so, you shall have, each of you, a hat full of tomanas."  
 The Arabs clapped their hands.  
 That was in token of approval of his offer.  
 "The pirates of the Red Sea are close by," continued Jack. "They are after me! Defeat them and you shall have plenty of Bacsheesh."  
 Again the Arabians struck the palms of their hands together.  
 "You can camp in here, making the best shift you can," said Jack, "though I don't think you will have long to wait. It is my opinion the pirates mean to attack us to-night. I will lead you."  
 "And I!" exclaimed Harry. "You will have two white men at your head."  
 Mr. Mole stepped forward.  
 "Say three," he exclaimed. "Am I an unconsidered quantity? Is not my record known? Are not my exploits told in the chronicles?"  
 "Take a back seat, sir!"  
 "What! do you dictate to me?"  
 "I want to put these men through their drill, for we can't tell when we shall be attacked."  
 "Very well, my dear boy; that is just like you; snub the old man; call him down."  
 "Will you keep to yourself?"  
 "Say, I am a double distilled, a hundred and fifty over proof idiot."  
 The professor sat down in a huff.  
 Jack, after this slight interruption, reviewed his men, Harry Girdwood standing by his side.  
 "Attention!" Jack exclaimed. "Number off by your right. Mark time!"  
 These orders were obeyed.  
 "Form fours! March! Halt! Stand at ease!" he continued.  
 "That will do, I think," said Jack.  
 "Couldn't beat it," replied Harry. "They understand their drill and are disciplined."  
 "Why not? They have been under English officers. Disperse! Seat yourselves where you like, but until you receive further orders do not leave this room. Order what you like to eat and drink. I will be responsible for all."  
 The leader of the contingent agreed to be ready for action at a moment's notice.  
 They were not afraid of death.  
 Each one would fight to the last gasp, like a Swiss or Hessian Mercenary.  
 "I say, sah," exclaimed Monday. "Why not me take charge of the army?"  
 "You can if you chose," replied Jack.  
 "Me keep them in order, and lead them on to victory; that's my idea."  
 "You shall be colonel."  
 "Me general."  
 "Certainly," continued Jack. "You are the commander-in-chief. Mind your men don't bolt or get drunk. You can't trust an Arab."  
 "If one go wrong, me shoot him down."  
 Monday spoke to the men, telling them he was to be the leader of the small brigade.  
 They acquiesced.  
 It mattered little to them who had the lead.  
 Coffee and biscuits with dates were supplied them, as well as tobacco and pipes, as they lounged on the divans all round the room.  
 Monday strapped a sword round his waist and marched up and down as proud as a peacock.  
 This kind of thing suited him down to the ground.  
 He liked to command.  
 His vanity was flattered and his dignity gratified.  
 Mole sulked like Achilles in his tent, at the siege of Troy, when everything did not go exactly his way.  
 "What do you think of the army?" asked Harry.  
 "They look fit," replied Jack.  
 "For what?"  
 "To fight pirates."  
 "I hope to goodness you are right."  
 "They are fit to do anything and go anywhere."  
 The night was now drawing in.



Stars came out, the moon rose, and a phosphorescent glow settled over the sea.

"There were no lights on board the Catamaran, consequently the pirate ship could not be seen.

Had she moved on?

That was scarcely probable, but Jack did not know what to think.

There was little doubt that Hunston would induce the pirates to attack the Calabar.

It was to their interest to do so.

Having obtained one sum of money out of Young Jack, it was easy enough, they thought, to get some more.

If they played their own game, they gratified Hunston's revenge too.

The Red Sea pirates had no mercy on any one, and honor was a word unknown to them.

If they had entertained any idea of fair dealing, they would not have set upon Jack after receiving his ransom.

With regard to money, they were cormorants.

The night passed without any disturbance or aggression on the part of the pirates.

This was a relief, but the danger still menaced them.

Clara was not at all well. She stayed in her room, Jack and Harry attending to her.

Monday was in immense form.

He was commander-in-chief of the small Arab army, and drill sergeant, too.

Mole was merely a spectator, but he kept by Monday's side.

After breakfast the next day Monday said:

"What you want to come and hang onto my tail for?"

"I take you for a monkey," replied Mole—"a chimpanzee or orang-outang."

"If you insult me I tell my men to fire on you, sah."

"So long as they hit the wooden joint I don't care, but the solid flesh must be respected."

"Sit down, Massa Mole, and hab a cup ob fine Mocha coffee. What you say, sah?"

"Coffee is good, if you put a stick in it. If I remember rightly, the Arabians first discovered the coffee bean—it—"

His further remarks were cut short by a shout from Jack, who had entered the long room.

"The Catamaran is rounding the corner of the bay," he cried.

"Yes," said Harry, who was close to him. "She is coming right enough."

"The black flag is still flying."

"It is a wonder that they have not embroidered a death's head on it."

"On, the Bedouins are not educated up to that yet."

Mr. Mole became very warlike.

In a bellicose tone he began to sing the Marseillaise, which is a very inspiring republican air.

"To arms, my citizens," he shouted. "Death to tyrants, and all the rest of it."

Monday pushed him back on a divan.

"None ob your larks," he said.

"The enemy is at our gates," replied Mole.

"We have not got any!"

"That is an omission. Order some immediately, regardless of expense."

"Shut up!"

"What is money when danger threatens?"

"It comes in handy to buy grub and pay the bill of the butcher and baker."

Mr. Mole sat down in a chair.

"You are bad and commonplace, Monday!" he exclaimed. "I will have nothing more to do with you!"

"Who asked you? It am a matter that rests entirely with yourself. If you do not like my company you need not keep it."

"It is not of that distinguished character that I am acquainted with generally and accustomed to."

"Hit you on the jaw, sah!" cried Monday, "if you keep on. You berry aggravatin' and provokin'! Dis chile can't stand too much ob it!"

Further contention between these two was prevented by a shout from Harry.

"What is it?" asked Jack.

"The pirates have lowered two boats," replied Harry. "They are filled with men!"

"Is Hunston amongst them?"

"Not that I can see."

Jack stood on the veranda and raised his glass to his eye.

He scanned the people in the boats carefully, but could not distinguish his enemy.

Still, Hunston had gone on board.

Kassala was sent to Mecca to get the money for Jack's ransom draft.

Koosh was in the foremost boat.

Hunston had never been a fighter.

He could scheme and make others fight, but if he could avoid it he never went into the front of the battle.

Life was too precious to be risked.

He was discovered, as Jack raised his glass to the ship, sitting aft.

Hunston also had a binocular, and with a complacent smile, which indicated satisfaction, was watching events.

Koosh landed his men.

They were fifteen in number.

All seemed desperate, turbulent ruffians.

The rascals did not appear to be at all concerned.

Evidently they expected to have an easy victory.

Just what is commonly called a walk-over.

How could they tell that Young Jack was prepared for their approach?

This was beyond their comprehension altogether.

Koosh was at the head of his men.

It had been arranged between him and Hunston that Jack and those with him should be killed.

He would not temporize with him any longer.

Even Clara, who had never done anything to offend him, was in the black list.

The Harkaway division were to be removed root and branch.

Without any military formation the pirates slouched, rather than walked, up to the Calabar.

Jack took command of his men.

It was an anxious moment.

His heart, brave as it was, palpitated.

Would his men stick to him or would they fly at the first shot?

Pilgrim's Rest would soon be a scene of bloodshed.

Mole retreated to a safe corner. Jack, Monday and Harry were ready.

A shot was fired from without.

It did no damage.

This was the signal for hostilities to commence.

"Out, boys, and at 'em!" cried Jack.

The Arabs rushed out at the word of command.

They poured a volley into the pirates, half of whom fell to the ground.

This was a reception they had not expected.

In a half-hearted manner they returned the fusillade.

Several of the defenders were injured.

"Fall on them with the sword," said Jack, "hand to hand!"

He led the way.

Koosh fired his pistol at him.

It missed fire.

The next minute their swords clashed and they were engaged in mortal combat.

Koosh was strong but not skillful.

He could not wield the sword as well as Jack, who had the advantage of him at every thrust.

A lunge in carte wounded him in the leg.

Another crippled his arm.

"Have at your heart, vile pig," yelled Koosh.

"Come on, old boy," said Jack.

"Christian dog, you shall die!"

"Some day. Don't be in a hurry. I'm not!"

The pirate aimed a desperate blow at him.

Jack parried it.

Then recovering his guard, he pierced the pirate's neck.

The jugular vein was severed.

A jet of blood spurted in the air and the terror of the Red Sea sank.

"Allah, il Allah!" he murmured. "There is but one God and Mahomet is his prophet."

He spoke no more after that.

Those were his last words.

Harry Girdwood and Monday had been doing good work.

In a brief space the pirates were killed to a man.

Jack had lost half his force in the engagement.

The fight had been fierce and stubborn while it lasted.

Harry had received a slash across the cheek.

Monday was shot through the fleshy part of the left arm.

Those casualties, however, were trifling.

Jack called the remainder of his men together.

"I thank you for what you have done!" he exclaimed. "Would you like to serve me again?"

There was a unanimous chorus in the affirmative.

He had made himself liked.

They respected him.

In addition to being a daring leader, he paid well.

No man cares to fight on an empty belly and a vacant pocket.

"What do you want, Effendi?" asked one.

"I shall take possession of the pirate ship Catamaran, and I require a crew to sail her up the Red Sea."

"How far?"

"To Suez."

"If you fellows will ship with me for the run to Suez, I will make you a present of the vessel when we arrive there."

"What a great man!" was the cry.

"You will have to behave yourselves, mind, or you will not have the gift."

The men promised to be faithful, obedient and hard working.

This was all that Harkaway wanted.

They accepted the situation at once.

Some of the pirates were only wounded. The Arabs, seeing this, stabbed them to death.

They had no idea of giving quarters.

Some of their own party were wounded; these they carried into the hotel.

Pierre Leronge undertook to see to them as well as his limited knowledge of surgery would permit him to do.

Preparations were made to bury the others.



Jack selected half a dozen men as a boat's crew. The others were to remain on shore till the morning. He intended to go aboard at once.

The next day he would sail.

Hunston had to be considered and dealt with.

"Mr. Mole, will you and Monday kindly stay in the hotel with my wife, while Girdwood and I go on board the Catamaran?" said Jack.

"With pleasure," Mole replied.

"She may want company and a little consolation after this scrimmage."

"We be dar, sah," said Monday, "but——"

"What?"

"I'd dearly love to have a cut at ole Hunston."

"Wait a bit!"

"Yah, yah! Hurrah! You gwine ter settle his hash at last!"

"I certainly am."

"Good scheme! Push it along!"

"Let me alone. I'm all there."

Mole and Monday retired to the hotel to do as they were instructed. With half a dozen of the Arabs, Jack and Harry walked down to the shore.

There were the pirates' boats.

A short time before they had been filled with men associated with the desire for conquest.

Where were they now?

Leveled with the dust, cut down and confounded.

"I say, Jack," remarked Harry, "that is a splendid idea of yours."

"We have licked the pirates—why shouldn't we have their ship?"

"I see no reason against it."

"If we wait for the steamer to call at Pilgrim's Rest what will it be?"

"Pigging in with a lot of frowsy pilgrims who have more Koran than soap and water about them; yet I have always been taught that cleanliness is next to godliness—haven't you?"

"A white man likes his tub."

"What do you intend to do with Hunston?" asked Harry Girdwood.

Jack smiled.

"We have not caught the artful beggar yet," he replied, "but when I do he will have to suffer."

"Do you mean to be avenged?"

"I think I have a right to be. The man is mad. He is nourishing an insane idea all the time."

That was so.

The elder Hunston thought sincerely enough that Young Jack or his father was the cause of his brother's misfortunes and death.

He had espoused his cause.

Whenever Hunston had had a chance he had endeavored to ruin Jack.

This was not very chivalrous on his part.

They had now reached the beach.

The men manned the boat. All Arabs living on the banks of the Red Sea, are good boatmen, and can sail a full rigged schooner as well as any one.

They rowed Young Jack and Harry to the Catamaran.

Hunston had disappeared.

Where had he gone to?

Jack had a suspicion that, seeing the result of the battle, he had made his escape in a boat.

Such was not the case.

Hunston was in the habit of drinking hard occasionally.

When he thought he was successful he indulged in brandy.

This was not enough for him.

He wanted more excitement, ending in stupefaction.

This he obtained by smoking opium—bitting the joint—he called it. Oblivion came in time, and in the slang of the day he became "dopy."

He was in this state when Young Jack and Harry Girdwood boarded the Catamaran.

The pirates had not left any one except Hunston on the ship.

Jack and his half a dozen Arabs took possession of her as easily as possible.

Not a shot was fired.

There was nobody to oppose them.

Jack divided his crew into watches.

He saw the state Hunston was in, lying in his cabin, and placed a guard over him.

Hunston was not likely to wake for some hours.

Looking around, Jack found a quantity of treasure and money on the pirate ship.

The Catamaran was filled to repletion with plunder, which they spent part of the night in cataloguing.

That night they spent on board.

About six hours they devoted to sleep.

Monday came on board about breakfast time with Clara and Mole.

Jack's wife could not keep away from him.

She was installed in the chief cabin.

"Me good cook, massa," said Monday; "let me take the galley; turn you out breakfast."

"Go ahead," replied Jack.

Monday went to his work delighted.

Mr. Mole paced the deck to keep a lookout as he said.

There was nothing, however, to be afraid of.

Presently the rest of the volunteer Arab crew came on board.

Jack had the anchor raised.

With a favorable breeze the Catamaran proceeded up the Red Sea. Her destination was Suez.

## CHAPTER VI.

### STILL THE GOLD FLOWS IN.

EVERYTHING seemed to be going Jack's way.

With this enormous treasure in his hands he could not feel otherwise than triumphant.

Then there was Hunston completely in his power.

It seemed as if Young Jack Harkaway's troubles were surely ended, but they were not.

Without being aware of it, Jack had another and startling experience to pass through, and the time for it to begin had now come.

The Catamaran was slowly making her way up the Red Sea, when a very unusual thing occurred.

The Catamaran ran into a fog.

Fogs are seldom encountered on the Red Sea.

Jack and Harry were sitting on deck talking, Clara was asleep in the cabin, and Mole and Monday were asleep on deck.

It was unpleasantly hot—quite suffocating in fact, and yet Jack and Harry managed to fall asleep too.

The truth was they had slept but little the night before and were pretty well tired out.

All at once one of the Arabs shook Jack by the shoulder.

He started up amazed to find that he had slept, and still more amazed to find that the Catamaran was enveloped in a thick fog.

Mole stood right behind the man.

"Come, Jack, wako up," he said. "This is no time for snoozing. We are in a lot of trouble here."

Jack was wide awake in an instant.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"The matter is, we have run into a fog bank, and the captain don't know which way to go."

"Let him drop anchor and stay where he is then," replied Jack, punching Harry, who was equally surprised at the condition of things when he awoke.

"He has already done that," replied Mole; "but there seems to be no sign of the fog lifting. Are we to stay here forever? For my part, I'd like to be getting on."

"Come, professor, what's the matter with you?" laughed Jack. "Why this sudden interest in our affairs? Usually you are willing to stick to your cards and your bottle. Why not do so now?"

"Somebody has got to be on guard," retorted Mole. "When the master sleepeth, it behooves the man to be wide awake."

"That's all right; we won't go to sleep again. Return to your mutton, Mole, I'll look after things now."

Mole stumped away in some vexation.

He felt that he had been extra vigilant, and consequently also felt a little called down.

Jack now questioned the captain about the situation.

He found that the fog was liable to last for several days.

"This is a bad business," said Harry. "I don't want to stay here forever any more than Mole."

"We don't have to," replied Jack. "Take my word for it this fog bank don't amount to anything great. I believe we could work out of it if we struck off to the eastward. It looks light over there."

"We better not try it with the Catamaran," said Harry; "first we know we shall run ashore—we are too near the Arabian coast to take any risk."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Jack; "but if you think so, of course I can't insist."

"I do think so, but I can't prove that I am right."

"Well, then, I can prove my position."

"How?"

"By taking a boat and pulling to the eastward. It's my earnest belief that the fog don't extend more than a few hundred yards."

"It would be mere madness. Suppose you were not able to get back again?"

"I'll take my chances."

"Do you really mean to say you are going?"

"I do. I am determined."

Harry looked amazed.

He urged Jack most earnestly to change his mind.

But Jack would hear to nothing of the sort.

Once his mind was made up to do a certain thing, there was no turning him from his purpose.

Harry was too well aware of this to waste much time over the matter.

"If you are resolved to go then I am going too," he declared.

"That's all right," said Jack. "We'll both go. You'll find that I am entirely correct; we'll be back in no time, and then we'll move the Catamaran beyond the fog belt and go on our way rejoicing."

"Better tell Clara or Mole or somebody that you are going."

"No, no! There's no need of disturbing them! We'll push right along and have something definite to tell them when we get back."

So they launched the boat and pulled away.

Jack felt great confidence in the Arab captain, and it was well founded.

There are a few Arabs who are honest, and Jack had found one. The captain was a man to be depended upon in every way.

He instructed Jack to blow a small ivory whistle which he usually carried, every few moments, and he would whistle in return.



The arrangement worked well.

The signals were given and answered, but they did not get out of the fog.

On the contrary, it seemed to grow thicker as they advanced.

"Come," said Harry, at last; "this won't do. We really must get back."

"Just a little further, dear boy," replied Jack. "I am sure it is growing lighter."

The words were scarcely spoken when a dark, black mass loomed up before them, and the keel of the boat grated on the sand.

"Well, by Jove!" cried Harry, "you were right! Here we are on the Arabian shore, hard and fast."

"That's what it is," said Jack. "Shall we go back, or shall we make a landing and find out what we've struck?"

"Let's go ashore first, if it is only for a minute or two. That seems to be a hill; perhaps if we could get to the top we might see something to the eastward; it certainly does look lighter over there now."

They pulled the boat high up on the sand, and walked toward the dark mass which loomed up dimly through the mists.

"By gracious, it's a house!" cried Jack; "that's what it is!"

"A castle, rather."

"You are right!"

"Strange! It seems to be a very ancient affair."

"Ancient or mediaeval; half in ruins, too."

They walked on around the strange old stone structure, scarcely daring to enter the dark doorway, for neither of them had the least desire for further adventures, particularly if they were going to delay their journey to Suez.

When they got around on the other side, they discovered that they were on an island, and a very small one at that.

The sea was all around them; as for the fog, it was apparently beginning to break.

"There won't be much of it left in half an hour, if I know anything," remarked Jack. "I'll give the captain the whistle again to let him know that we are all right."

"I wouldn't," said Harry.

"Why not?"

"Why, we don't know what the effect may be—perhaps there is someone inside there."

"Pshaw! The place has not been visited in years, if looks go for anything."

"You can't tell; however, I see you are determined to whistle all the same."

"I am, for I see no reason why I shouldn't—here goes!"

Jack pulled out his whistle and blew a shrill blast.

After waiting a moment the answer came.

"What in the world does that mean?" Harry exclaimed.

"What?" demanded Jack.

"Why the answer to the whistle came from the wrong side of the island—didn't you hear?"

"I declare you are right. Hark! There it goes again!"

"Yes, and this time from the other side."

"That's the captain of the Catamaran."

"Yes, and the other wasn't. We'd better hurry up and get out of here."

"Not till I've seen the inside of that castle," said Jack.

He was determined, so there was no stopping him, although Harry, if he could have had his way, would immediately have left the island and returned to the Catamaran.

Passing through the door they found themselves in a gloomy room, walled up with stone.

From this they passed into another room, and still another.

Then they found a staircase, and ascending, went through four rooms on the upper floor.

They were all rudely furnished in the Arabian style, and seemed to have been but recently vacated.

"It's another pirates' nest, I'll bet a hat," said Jack.

Harry was about to answer, when he suddenly fell forward and measured his length upon the floor.

"What in the world is the matter with you?" cried Jack. "Are you hurt?"

"Not a bit," said Harry, picking himself up. "I stubbed my toe against something. Ah, I see—it was this ring."

The ring in question was about as big round as a saucer. It was attached to a thick staple, imbedded in the big square stones which formed the floor.

Jack got hold of the ring and pulled with all his might.

"Do you think it is a trap-door?" questioned Harry.

"I'm sure of it; but I can't budge it, just the same. Lay hold here and help me pull it up."

Harry took hold and they tugged away together.

Up came the stone, proving itself to be a trap door sure enough.

The boys gave a cry of amazement as they glanced down into the opening below the stone.

It was filled with gold.

Coins of every size and description seemed to have been tumbled promiscuously into the hole.

There were thousands of them, and as they were all gold, of course represented a very large sum.

"Well, I declare!" said Jack; "it does seem as though Dame Fortune was determined to heap riches upon us. Never in all my life have I heard of any one striking such a run of luck as we have during the last few days."

"You propose to take it then?" asked Harry.

"Well, rather, and don't you forget it."

"How do you think it came to be here?"

"I haven't the least doubt in the world that it's the hoard of another gang of pirates."

"Looks like it. Can we carry it all?"

"Not in one load, but we can come back again."

"I guess we may as well go right at it and finish the matter up."

There seemed to be no good reason why they should hesitate, for here the gold was, and it seemed scarcely probable that any other than the Red Sea pirates could lay claim to the hoard.

So they pulled off their coats and began to fill them with the coins.

"Here, you do the filling and I'll do the lugging," said Jack; "that will make things go faster. Get down into the hole, dear boy, and we'll work as fast as we can, for I don't care to remain here a moment longer than necessary."

"Ah! That whistle on the wrong side worried you, did it?" said Harry. "By Jove, I believe you are right! There'll surely be trouble if we hang around here too long."

They went to work with a will then.

Four times Jack lugged his coat down to the boat and emptied it of its golden contents.

He was just coming back for the fifth load, for the hole was not more than half emptied, when the splash of oars reached his ears.

A boat was surely approaching the island on the other side.

"By Jove, there's going to be trouble now!" thought Jack.

He ran back to the castle top speed, and went dashing up the stairs.

"Filled up again, old man," exclaimed Harry. "There seems to be no end to this thing."

"The end is coming now!" cried Jack. "Quick! The pirates are upon us!"

"What! You don't mean it!"

"Fact! There's a boat coming up on the other side of the island. Let's light out."

"Not without this load!" said Harry. "I won't do it!"

He leaped out of the hole in a hurry, but Jack had already gathered up the coat.

"It's the last!" he cried. "I don't want any more trouble. I won't have it, either, if there is any chance of avoiding it. Come on!"

They went down-stairs as fast as the weight of the gold would permit.

Harry, being light, pushed ahead, and was half out of sight in the mists when Jack reached the door.

"Hold up," called Jack. "I can't come so fast as all that. Wait a minute; we don't want to lose each other in the fog."

"Come on, then!" cried Harry. "I want to make sure of the boat, anyhow."

But Jack didn't, because he couldn't.

Suddenly a dozen or more men sprang into view around the angles of the castle wall.

They were dressed like Arabs, and were evidently pirates.

Some carried sharp scimeters, and others the old-fashioned, long-barreled guns which the Arabs use.

Of course, being Arabs, they could not engage in an affair of this sort without yelling, and yell they did for all they were worth.

Jack drew his revolver as soon as he could drop the coat, and prepared to defend himself.

It was altogether a useless undertaking.

The Arabs rushed upon him like demons.

In a twinkling he was disarmed and at their mercy.

Jack could not talk to them, although he tried.

They were pirates of another band, who occasionally made their headquarters at the castle.

They knew no more about the gold than Jack himself; their speech was a dialect which he could not understand.

The sight of the gold drove them fairly frantic.

While two held Jack between them, the rest made a wild dash for the gold in the coat.

There was a grand scramble then, all chattering and jabbering like a lot of monkeys.

Still they seemed disposed to be fair with each other, and the division was as nearly equal as they could make it.

The men who held Jack a prisoner got their full share.

It was great luck for them.

Fact was, the gold must have been hidden in the old castle many years before.

Perhaps it was centuries.

As Jack never discovered the truth of the matter, we cannot explain it here.

Once the gold was divided, one of the Arabs approached Jack, and in broken French asked him who he was.

Jack made up a neat little story, to the effect that he was a traveler who had put out in a boat from his steamer, landing on the island.

He added that his boat had drifted away in the fog.

For this he had a reason.

He saw that they had no idea of the presence of the boat, or of Harry being with it.

The fog completely concealed the little cove where it lay.

"Harry will be sure to do something to help me out of this, if I can only gain time," he thought. "That's what I want—time! I must fight for it!"

He turned to the big Arab and said:



"Do you want more of that money? I can give it to you if you will promise to let me go away by myself for five minutes."

The Arab looked at him suspiciously.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"That I know where there is more. Do you suppose I came here for nothing?"

"Ah! You Franks know much. Your book tell you that gold was buried here!"

"Yes."

"And this is not all?"

"No."

"Where is the rest?"

"Let me go and I will find it. I will call you then."

"We go with you."

"Then I can do nothing. There is a spell to be worked—I must be alone."

"It will not do; we must be there to see."

"What foolishness! Can I get off the island?"

The Arab turned to his companions and began to talk.

Of course Jack's only thought was to reach the boat. For the rest of the gold he did not care.

But his little plan was speedily overturned by Harry.

Girdwood could not rest easy with Jack a prisoner, of course.

He had sneaked up as near as it was safe to come.

Hidden behind the angle of the castle wall, he could both see and hear all that was passing.

"If they find the gold up-stairs, it will drive them so wild that they will kill Jack sure," he thought. "I must act, even if I risk my own life."

Harry had two revolvers with him.

They were splendid six-shooters, such as the Arabs had never seen.

"I believe I can down them just with the noise," he thought.

"Anyhow I'll try it, for they'll never consent to let Jack go out of their sight."

So Harry gathered himself up and prepared to act.

Watching his chance when the confab of the noisy Arabs was at its height, he suddenly leaped in among them, a revolver in each hand, firing shot after shot in the air and yelling at the top of his lungs.

He could not have tried a better plan.

Probably there were not three men in the entire band who had ever seen a revolver.

They could not understand it; they thought there must be a dozen men behind Harry, and they scattered like sheep.

This gave Jack his chance.

Of course he had his revolvers, too, but the Arabs had come upon him so suddenly that there had been no chance to draw them.

He did it now in an instant and ran to Harry's side.

"Make for the boat!" he cried. "You've given them the scare! We can do it!"

They ran for dear life, Jack firing as he went.

In a moment they were at the boat.

They seized the gunwale and pushed it off, jumped in, and throwing out their oars, began to pull away.

By this time the pirates had in a measure recovered from their fright.

They began to realize that they had been fooled by one man, and they ran down upon the shore.

It was strange that the fog should lift at that particular moment, but it did.

It showed the pirates the two young men pulling away in their boat.

Just then the sun crept through the mists, its beams striking the gold in the boat.

The result can be imagined.

The pirates saw what they had lost, and began to howl as only a lot of Arabs can.

They threw up their long guns and fired, but the boat was already too far away for that to amount to anything, for Jack and Harry were pulling with all their strength.

"We're safe," said Jack. "By Jove, Harry, you did that well! I knew you wouldn't go back on me, old man."

"As though I could! I was only watching my chance."

"And you took it for fair when it came. It takes you to work a thing like that!"

"See, they are making a rush for the other side of the island!"

"After their boat, probably. No matter. There's the Catamaran; we can surely gain her in time."

They did, but there was no time to throw away.

The pirates had three boats, it seemed.

Before the boys could get the gold on board and haul up the boat, the pirates were bearing down upon the Catamaran as fast as oars could take them.

For a few moments it looked as if there might be another fight, but the captain got his anchor up, and the Catamaran bore away, driven forward by a fanning breeze.

So by this chance adventure our friends found themselves the richer by many thousands.

The voyage was now resumed.

Young Jack intended to go through the canal and up the Mediterranean.

His intention was to go to Paris for a time and enjoy himself before returning home to settle down.

He had had adventures enough.

His travels had brought him money.

In truth he was a millionaire.

Mole and Monday both wanted rest; his wife Clara craved for it.

Harry Girdwood wanted to return to his family, and the predominant feeling was one in favor of retirement.

Still the temptations of Paris for a few weeks could not be resisted.

It was the middle of the day.

The Catamaran was flying well before the wind.

Hunston had not yet made his appearance.

This was remarkable.

Jack and Harry went to his cabin.

They knocked.

There was no answer.

They endeavored to open the door.

It was securely locked inside.

"What shall we do?" asked Harry.

"Break the door open," replied Jack, who had a small ax in his hand.

"And then?"

"Take him on deck and make him jump into the sea. That will end him."

"Are you solid on that?"

"Well, hardly!"

Jack was not vindictive or revengeful.

But sentence of death had been passed upon the latter by a higher power.

Jack broke in the door.

Hunston was seen lying in his bunk, white and rigid.

They touched him.

He was cold.

On a shelf by his side was a bottle labeled "morphine."

Hunston had indulged in his favorite vice.

On this occasion he had taken an overdose.

The man was dead.

No more would the last of the Hunstons trouble Young Jack Harkaway; they would never meet again.

[THE END.]

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